

from the dust of their elder's bones

TINA GARNETT

can you see me from behind your degrees
earned within the neo-liberal political science discourse,
earning letters after your name designating you as the expert on me.
what is wrong with me? asks my mandated trusted clinical healer. well...
your genocide wiped the plains free of the Indigenous people of this land.
with your toxic blankets, your liquid evil and your damning god –
who i never could find in your hot boxes
my Aboriginal sisters keep going missing and murdered and no one cares.
they say it's not on the radar; so no need for an inquiry.
we're still hunted by your men with guns; now they have badges- so it's legal.
our children still live without adequate housing or water,
but you hide those truths too behind your academic and political rhetoric and fancy reports.
your lies have re-written history; making you the good ones, and us the savages.
we never raped your women; you haven't stopped raping ours.
you stole our land to build your prisons, to house the savage Indians,
who dared to leave the parcels of land you reserved for us.
your invention of genocide is alive in the institutions that squashed our spirits and totems,
erasing them, and robbing us of our culture and language.
stealing our identities like you stole our land, for your camp grounds and back yards.
but we can buy your "Real Indian Sage" for \$9.99 and not be charged taxes.

once you emptied the land from those that lived there,
you stole us from our homes, leaving behind our culture, traditions and beliefs
then beating our language from our bodies, ravaging our beings.
most of us chose to die, than live any longer beneath your boats,
where we filled small boxes, back to back, with our waste and our dead.
for those that survived the trip, they wished they hadn't.
thousands jumped to their watery graves; than live in their deaths another moment
trapped in your steel boxes filled with your laughter, and the stench of our suffering.
you brutalized our women, used them in experiments, put them in cages to show off their genitals, poke
and prodded them with every phallic object at hand
you raped our mothers, our sisters, our daughters and wives,
you bred us like cattle then sold our young at your markets.
you took every woman we had and crushed them beneath your heel,
sure it would crush us all.
with your rod and bible, you created our hell.
now we are born with scars from the lashes of slavery.
Black women are born tired under the legacy of being a Strong Black woman,
for thousands who have come before them and died too soon from the master's tools.
branded with the labels of jezebel and matriarch; either is a bulls eye on their backs.
your slavery made us your whores, and mummies;
you want us to raise you and then you rape us in your bed.

So what wrong with me is, i am a stat in your system; ordered to attend healing sessions. how can heal-
ing happen, when we are the ones you built your systems on? our elder's bones are ground into your
institutional structures. your euro-centric capitalistic misogynistic hetero-normative binaries killed
our sacred 2-spirited people and burnt our spirit walkers. your systems are too white for our colours to
exist in all their richness and splendor. stop telling me i'm being too sensitive and take it as a compli-
ment when my mulatto exotic nativeness is referenced. i don't care if you're uncomfortable with the
names i'm called by your people. your silent denial is too loud for me to be heard.